

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes must wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The sweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kisses, armd with thousand Cupids
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-cyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we halloa, no more shake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine
Flies like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant uses,
(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes,)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die
(which is the curse of honour) lastly,
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet Cosen,

Even from the bottom of the se miseries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,

And

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And the enjoying of our greefes toge
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me p
If I thinke this our prison.

Pala. Certainly,

Tis a maine goodnes Cosen, that our fo
Were twyn'd together; tis most true,
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em suffer
The gaule of hazard, so they grow toge
Will never sincke, they must not, say th
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's c

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses o
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle Cosen?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, holy f
To keepe us from corruption of worle
We are young and yet desire the waie
That liberty and common Conversatio
The poyson of pure spirits; might like
Wooe us to wander from. What wor
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being th
We are an endles mine to one another
We are one anothers wife, ever begetti
New birthes of love; we are father, fr
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: Th
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressio
Dare take this from us; here with a li
We shall live long, and loving: No su
The hand of war hurts none here, nor
Swallow their youth: were we at libe
A wife might part us lawfully, or bu
Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance, I might sicke
Where you should never know it, an
Without your noble hand to close mi
Or prayers to the gods; a thousand cha
Were we from hence, would sever u